CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD

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EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN

Trousers creased at the side will fill a long felt want for bandy-legged men.

Because a woman is a nice wife is no sign she is going to be that kind of mother-in-law.

Anybody can afford to buy an automobile, but few of us have money enough to pay the repair bills.

The first wireless dispatch has been sent from Nome city in Alaska, and it isn't a hard-luck story, either.

According to a feminine expert the average woman's idea of being real devilish is to order broiled live lobster.

The wicked generally get what they deserve in this world, but not always what their contemporaries think they deserve.

A Boston doctor states that common soda is "as good as whisky for snake bites." Of course he meant "as effective."

Russell is 88, and working harder than ever. Uncle Russell should learn to control that inordinate appetite of his.

A New Jersey professor has resigned his position to go on the police force. Means to hitch his wagon to a star, evidently.

There is said to be a shortage in the broomcorn crop this year. Evidently the broom handles will have to be made longer.

That Washington goat that is "charged with swallowing two sticks of dynamite" should be able to make a strong rebutter.

Doubtless the Harlem woman who soothes and sustains eighty cats has a kind heart, but lacks neighbors prepared to swear to this.

Edward Atkinson has not reached the summit of happiness unless he has learned to expel smoke through his nose and blow rings.

News from the far East says Japan's mosquito fleet is busy. New Jersey's mosquito fleet is also in action, and invariably puts the enemy to rout.

The prize monkey at the Philadelphia zoo is learning to write. It is expected to fit him eventually for a place as society reporter at Newport.

The technical journals tell us that "alcohol made from sawdust is already a commercial success." It seems almost impossible to fail to sell alcohol.

Somebody has discovered that there are no red-headed dolls. Like the taste for olives, the admiration for red hair seems to be the result of cultivation.

"By the way," asks the Boston Globe, "what's the duty on Guatemala ants? Do they come under the head of farming utensils?" Wild animals, more likely.

Harry Lehr overlooked the chance of a lifetime while the Igorrotes were visiting President Roosevelt in not securing their attendance at a "dog dinner" in Newport.

American soda fountains are being introduced in England. Gradually that country is advancing. The time may even come when they will be eating corn on the cob in England.

The mosquitoes of Panama view with much apprehension the request of Gen. Davis for 100,000 yards of wire gauze. Some of them even go to the extent of predicting a famine.

Four members of the Boston base ball club extinguished a fire in a Cleveland hotel the other night. It is to be hoped that the official scorer has credited each of them with a "put out."

The intention of the postoffice department to extend rural free delivery soonest where the roads are best will give the "good roads" movement a boost just where it is most needed, you see.

A report that the Princess Chimay had eloped again was circulated in Brussels the other day. It proves to have been a baseless and wicked fabrication. The princess hasn't eloped for six weeks.

At Chicago a cornet player has been assaulted and his instrument taken from him. The affair is charged to hold-up men, but the neighbors are observed to wear an air of grim satisfaction.

King Edward has gone to Marienbad, Bohemia, traveling incognito as the Duke of Lancaster. If there are any rich American girls at Marienbad they should at once be warned not to waste any time making it pleasant for the duke.

J. Pierpont Morgan has recently had narrow escapes in gasoline launches and automobiles. Russell Sage will be inclined to think it was good enough for him, as long as he wasn't wise enough to walk and save his money.

FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN

[Mr. Wragg invites contributions of any new ideas that readers of this department may wish to present, and would be pleased to answer correspondents desiring information on subjects discussed. Address M. J. Wragg, Waukee, Iowa.]

THE FARMER CHEMIST.

The American farmer is learning to apply the knowledge that science has been gathering for his benefit. He knows already that corn of different kinds is wanted by stock-breeders and starch-makers, and he is breeding the grain accordingly. The stock-growers desire maize that is rich in "protein," which is the stuff that goes to produce muscle and blood; the manufacturers of starch require all of that substance the corn can furnish and there is a special demand for corn that is rich in oil.

The farmer has been taught to find out, by merely cutting a grain of corn into pieces with a knife, just about what percentages it contains of oil, of starch and muscle-forming stuff. He knows that nearly all of the oil is in the "germ" and the "protein" is mainly in the horny coat of the seed, and that the interior of the grain, apart from the germ, is packed with starch. A grain of corn, in fact, is a little box of starch inclosed in a horny case. If the thickness of the case is increased the amount of starch it contains is diminished, or vice versa.

Understanding these facts, it is easy enough for the farmer to select suitable seed for the kind of corn crop he wishes to produce. By taking note of the size of the germ, he can pick out high-oil or low-oil corn. Low-oil corn is much desired as feed for bacon hogs, inasmuch as ordinary maize contains too much oil for the production of the hard firm bacon which commands the best price in the market. The hominy mills, also, desire low-oil corn, because the corn oil tends to become rancid and to injure the salable quality of their output.

Farmers everywhere are talking about "inoculating" the soil in order to get a better yield of alfalfa, clover or other crops. Some of them are actually bringing soil from fields where these crops have grown, to scatter on their own land. Ten years hence such things will be quite common. Ten years ago the most farmers knew that the principle was sound. They used a small quantity of buttermilk from one churning to "start" the cream for another. What was this but "inoculation," since it carried the proper bacteria to the cream and ripened it? Farmers observed also that where they used manure which came from stock fed on clover they had the best "catch" of clover seed. Here is another case of "inoculation," for we now know that the manure contained the special bacteria which affect the growth of clover. So science is now making these things clear—showing the why of the how, and enabling us to do at will many things which we formerly guessed at. Knowledge of these things grows like a snowball when it once fairly starts.

THE VALUE OF TREES.

In many parts of our country farming would be impossible but for the trees, such is their influence upon the streams. They regulate the water supply, and their tendency is to prevent both floods and drought; they supply fuel, one of the greatest necessities of life, and furnish the lumber for the building of our cities, railroads, ships and a thousand other things, without which our present state of civilization would not have been possible for ages if at all. This is why we should be careful of our forests which are fast dwindling away in many sections. This is why we should legislate against sheep-grazing in the forests, and against all other practices which tend to cause forest fires, and why we should try to protect our trees from their natural enemies, such as landslides, floods, insects and fungi. And it is well to bear in mind the fact that we cannot replace in fifty years a tree which we can destroy in an hour.

"Some time ago I suggested that, taking one year with another, it may be good practice to thresh out of the shock and this for the purpose of saving grain, because there are too many farmers who know so little about stacking that if they would save their grain they must thresh from the shock. If grain is well shocked there will be less loss barring bleaching than if it be poorly stacked. I nearly always stack my grain. There is in my neighborhood a number of farmers—about twenty—who have organized themselves into a ring, so to speak, and they get a machine and it goes the rounds. The threshing crew is permanent and they know where they are to go each day. It saves gathering hands and by the time they are through the help is all paid back. I have been watching this crew and I find that they have been more successful in saving their grain during a series of years than the few who stack."

THE FARMER AND THE FAIR.

It is during the months of August and September that most of our state and county fairs will be held, and it is every farmer's duty to attend the state fair if possible, and if not, his county fair; and to take part in making it one of the best.

We look upon these annual gatherings as educational. Here the farmer can meet his brother farmer, the one who has made a greater success in the growing of crops, breeding of stock and handling machinery, and gain much practical knowledge that he needs. You always find the wide-awake, progressive farmer at these gatherings, and you owe it to yourself, as well as your family, to take an outing. So attend the fair this fall, and if possible go prepared to stay several days. Do not just rush off on the train and spend a few hours; take a tent and let your family have some recreation, and you will have time for gaining the information that you need, as it will take several days to go through the different departments.

The Iowa state fair will be during this month, and will give a splendid opportunity for those living in this state to attend one of the most progressive and up-to-date state fairs in the country.

Care must be taken at this time not to allow the pastures or meadows to be grazed down too closely. The roots of the plants need some protection during the winter, and this can be best secured by allowing a fair growth in the field that frosts will kill down and make a mulch, which will serve as a protection to the plants during the winter.

BETWEEN THE PLOW-HANDLES.

What man in all the Universe of God
Has better right to look aloft and say
"I'm partner with the Lord. I turn this sod
To feed His hungry children day by day."

With all His plentitude of sun and rain,
And whispering winds from out the ardent South,
He needs the whistling plow-man's cheerful strain
And sinewy arm, to fill each waiting mouth.

Who plows a field says to despairing souls
"Hope is not dead, look up and see the sun."
Who plants, believes that He who suns controls
Shall bless the labor thus in faith begun.

Kings of the Earth are they who plow and sow
If, in that work they do their very best.
No need to envy poor rich men who go
About their greedy quest but crave for rest.

Sweet sleep is given to him who tills the soil,
And sweeter peace of mind, because he knows
That no man's poorer for his fruits of toil,
Ingathered from the bounty heaven bestows.

EUGENE SECOR.

Farmers in the Southwest have been too intent on growing and selling raw material, when they should have been studying how they could use their raw material in producing more finished goods. Raising cattle and cattle feed and selling both to the feeder at raw material prices is bad from a business standpoint. It is the same with all feed crops, and all sorts of live stock. There are but two methods of disposing of feed crops. One is to feed them out and sell the resulting beef, pork or mutton. The other method is to sell the feed to some one who is anxious to convert it into high priced finished food products. In this case the feeder makes more money than the farmer.

DAIRY CALVES.

When raising calves for the dairy it is not necessary that they should be fed whole milk for more than a week or ten days. They, however, should always get the first milk (colostrom) of the dam, as this is necessary for starting the bowels and the digestive functions. Gradually reduce the milk by adding skim milk, so as to leave off the whole milk entirely and substitute skim milk when the calf is three or four weeks old; by this time they will begin nibbling second crop clover hay, supplemented with a little oats or bran. Flax seed jelly may be added to the skim milk, commencing with a tablespoonful at first. Remember that more calves are killed by overfeeding than all other causes. Feed regularly three times daily until the calves are four to six weeks old. Always feed milk at blood heat.

How can we progress in farming unless we have the figures to show the cost of production? Let the farmers who have produced the largest crops on the fewest acres without decreasing the fertility of the soil come forward. They are the men we want to see and question at the institute. Perhaps a premium for the lowest cost of production would be good. Would not this be of more value than to award Mr. Smith a premium for the largest accidental pumpkin?

PERMANENT FARM HOMES.

The ambition of a great majority of our western farmers is to get their farms paid for, and enough money ahead to buy a home in the village, where they expect to retire and take life easy. This, I think, is not as it should be. The fact is these retired farmers, as a rule, do not take the comfort they expect and are very little help to the village. A man with any ambition is much happier employed than idle, and lives longer.

The farmer that expects to leave his farm at some future time, generally puts very few permanent improvements on the place while there, and lets it fall into decay when he leaves it. He will see plenty of ways for the income of his acres to be used in his new home, and will forget, as a rule, that constant repairs have to be made in order to keep up the farm.

Brother farmers, think twice before you leave the farm. Remember you have pulled the load up the hill when you have the farm paid for, and that the level road is before you where you can have many more of the comforts, yes, and the luxuries of life now, than while you were paying for the home. Take the money you would spend on the village home and put it on the farm in the way of permanent improvements and conveniences and it will make the home so pleasant and comfortable that you will not desire to go to the village.

Secretary James Wilson is authority for the statement that the famous "Irish bacon" for which the aristocracy of England has been paying fancy prices and for which no substitute would be accepted by them, is grown in the United States and made up in Chicago. The genial Sir Thomas Lipton, he of tea and yacht fame, is charged with being responsible for the deception and it is not to be supposed that he has been practicing this bit of commercial deceit with pecuniary loss to himself. The same authority also claims that the "Irish hunter" used by the fox-chasing nobility of England is an American product and that certain dealers in Chicago make a regular business of picking up all the horses with the proper conformation that comes to that market. As fast as a shipment is accumulated, it is sent to Ireland, where the horses are trained to jumping and performing other necessary feats by professional trainers, and then sold as "the rale ould thing." In spite of official denial, we always suspicioned that we furnished England with all her mules used in the Boer war, but few of us ever dreamt that the "hunter" that made England famous was our own production. It is well that we know of these things, and from now on we will make a regular business of it, and pocket all the profits instead of dividing up with middlemen.

SELECTING THE PULLETS.

As your young stock grows, select from all the broods the very finest, strongest and most vigorous pullets to keep for winter layers. Size, strength and vigor have so much to do with egg production that one should study this continually in the flock and train the eye to see the best egg producers while yet undeveloped. Save all such for your own use; never part with them unless you have more than you need. After they are selected keep them well under your own eye and select from all these the very best egg producers to lay the eggs from which will grow your future stock, and gradually in this way you will gain in egg production. The best hens are the ones that lay the largest number of eggs that are of fair size, good form and finely finished. Such eggs sell the best, usually produce the best and have the best value in the market.

The farmer who drives his work will have his plans for the season well matured before the time is upon him, and will then be prepared to perform more promptly each operation just at the right time. If we master our work, instead of allowing it to master us, we will not be compelled to go through the season pressed at every point.

PRUNING SUMMER ROSES.

Crimson Rambler, Prairie Queen, Baltimore Belle and other summer blooming climbing roses should be pruned just after the flowers fade. In pruning be careful to cut away the older growth, or the branches which produced the late crop of flowers. Do not remove the vigorous growing shoots, which will bear the clusters of bloom next season. Cutting away the growth started during the spring and early summer will injure the plant and may cause its death.

If you can secure one, it is well to remember that an alfalfa pasture for the hogs will put size, bone and vigor into them and probably do more to render them immune to attacks of hog diseases than any other one thing.

Happy People of Japan

The native Japanese, particularly those who have not come into close contact with modern civilization, is distinguished as much by his natural courtesy and politeness as by his aversion to clothing. The peasants in the interior are especially noted for their punctiliousness in saluting one another; even rickisha men hurrying along the road with a passenger will sometimes stop to greet a friend, while a pretty woman receives a reverence indeed. This salutation is not merely a word or a nod, but a low bow and a flourish of that little mushroom hat, and the greater friends they are the lower they bow. In saying good-by two Japs never see each other's faces, both being so busily engaged in bending their backs. As soon as one straightens himself the other bows, going backward all the while, until they consider it polite to refrain.

When a foreigner passes through a village every person he meets, from the little child to the old man, will bow most profoundly, so that the passage partakes of the nature of a triumpnal procession. Your waiter at the hotel, too, would never think of turning his back until he had bowed himself to a respectful distance, while the number of salaams he makes while taking your order would wear out an ordinary back.

Another pleasant trait of these people is their unvarying hospitality and gayety. You may enter any house and sit down and the host and his family gather about you, offering cakes and tea, all the while chattering like magpies. Any little incident that among Europeans would pass unnoticed is quite sufficient to send these merry folk into fits of laughter.

The rural Japanese as a rule wear as few clothes as the law allows, and since in some districts there is no law on this subject the result is obvious. In fact, the children wear nothing at all in summer, while the men and women have but a scant—a very scant—apology for raiment. The national garb is, of course, the kimono; but this is often cast aside in favor of a short jacket and trousers, or among the fishermen and the farm laborers a handkerchief or other small rag. This scantiness of clothing, however, seems so natural that it rarely excites remark.

All the villages are remarkable for their cleanliness and neatness, and except for some of their sanitary arrangements, are models of comfort and simplicity. Agriculture is carried on with the crudest implements, yet with a skill and care which have made a garden out of a land of barren mountains, while some of the workmen's regard to the arts of joinery and weaving might give valuable hints to our own people.

A short excursion through this country will give one a most pleasant impression of the land and its inhabitants, while their quaint courtesy and persevering industry render them worthy of considerable respect.

Chinese First to Print

Centuries before "the art preservative" was known in Europe the Chinese had practiced printing and had produced illustrations by engraved blocks. From the Chinese the Japanese learned to print, and engravings dating from the thirteenth century have been found.

Xylography was first employed in the service of religion for reproducing texts and images of the Buddha. This was followed by the production of publications such as romances and novels, in which the illustrations were about on a par with those in old-time chat books. There were followed by single-sheet prints and by that large class of productions which emanated from the theater as advertisements.

Chroma-xylography originated in Japan at the commencement of the eighteenth century with single sheets printed from three blocks, black, pale green or blue, and pale pink. A fourth block was added in 1720, and two others were added about forty years later.

The art was brought to perfection between 1765 and 1785 in the single sheet pictures, "Tori Kyonaga," "Suzuki Haruhobu" and "Katsugawa Shunsho."

The technique of Japanese engraving and printing is thus described: The picture, drawn for the engraver on thin, transparent paper of a particular kind, is pasted face downward upon a block of wood, usually cherry, and the superfluous thickness of paper is removed by a process of scraping until the design is clearly visible.

The borders of the outline are then incised—very lightly in the more delicate parts—with a kind of knife and the interspaces between the lines of the drawing are finally excavated by means of tools of various shapes.

The ink is then applied with a brush and the printing is effected by hand pressure, assisted by a kind of pad, to which procedure may be attributed much of the beauty of the result. Certain graduations of tone and even polychromatic effects may be produced from a single block by suitable application of ink or color upon the wood, and on carefully examining these prints it is often apparent that a great deal of artistic feeling has been exercised in the execution of the picture after the designer and engraver had finished their portion of the work.

Jimmy at Sunday School

Some one induced Jimmy to go to Sunday school. It was the first time he had been there. He was ill at ease at first and cast anxious glances at the door. Once he suggested to his nearest neighbor that they "make a sneak."

The teacher observed that Jimmy needed attention, and she did the best she could to win his good will. In the simplest of language she told the story of the creation of the world. Her narration was so plain and her manner so earnest that the street Arab could not help but be impressed, although he tried to appear indifferent.

Had she stopped there all might have been well, but she thought she would make sure of her conquest by addressing herself to Jimmy direct.

"Do you understand, James?" she inquired.

"She's talking to you," said Jimmy's companion, nudging him when he noticed that Jimmy didn't recognize the strange name of James.

"Huh?" said Jimmy inquiringly of the teacher.

"Do you understand the lesson?" the teacher asked in her sweetest manner.

"Yeh," replied Jimmy.

"That is good," said the teacher approvingly. "Now, remember God made the people of the world. He made all the animals, all the trees, all the flowers, everything!"

Somewhere near Jimmy's hair roots an idea began to work. This took form soon in a look in Jimmy's eyes that the teacher, who was a student of children, was quick to interpret.

"What is it, James?" she asked.

Jimmy shied once more at "James," but managed to give utterance to the question that was bothering him.

"Did he make der river?" he asked.

"Yes," said the teacher, "God made the river."

Jimmy looked puzzled. Then he said: "Did God make Jeffries?"

The teacher was inclined to be shocked, but she answered "yes."

Then Jimmy looked up into the teacher's face with a smile that was radiant with pleasure.

"Gee! He must have been busy," said the boy.—New York Press.

A Tenth-Story Reverie

A breeze blows in at the window here,
with the music of wind-swept leaves;
The patter of rain on a farmhouse roof
and a flash of the trickling eaves;
The glimpse of a long, long lane that
turns and winds among the trees;
The scent of clover and mint and thyme
and the buzz of humblebees;
A breeze blows in at the window here,
with the sickles' harvest tune,
The ripple and splash of a rock-bound
stream and the light of a harvest
moon
That filters away through the leaves and
boughs in a yellow filigree;
A breeze blows in at the window here
that is fraught with memory.

Here is the tower of a granite pile and
here is an endless wall
Of brick and stone, with the misty light
of the city over all,
Up from the street comes a ceaseless
din, and the rattle of wheels on
stone,
But the breeze blows in at the window
here, with the scent of a rose, half-
blown;
With the tinkle far of a schoolhouse bell
and the cry of lads at play,
The murmuring chant of the forest deep
and the fields that stretch away
To the rising hills, where the moon is
hid, till the yellow flames arise
As the rays of a night-lamp swung for
us through the arch of star-gemmed
skies.

Here are the streets where the toilers
are, and the din of busy wheels,
But a breeze blows in at the window
here like a welcome thief, and steals
The glow of the city streets away, and
the pulsing roar grows dim
In the melody of a church bell's chime
and the chant of an evening hymn.
The stony streets are turfy paths and
the city's din and roar
Is the far-off note of the woodland wild
or the break of waves on shore,
When the free-winged winds from the
far hills blow, and the tears that dim
the eye
Are dewdrops on wood violets in the
cloistered dells that lie.

A breeze comes in at the window here,
like a soothing message blown
From the world of birds and trees and
flowers to the world of brick and
stone;
Cries out to the heart that is caged and
barred and bids it spread its wings
For a little while and wander back
where the sweet-voiced wild-bird
sings;
The tinseled glow of the city pales in the
light of the yellow moon
That filters down through the boughs
and leaves, and the joy of the wild-
bird's tune
Rings out in a song of welcome home;
while the city's roar grows dim
In the rhyme and chime of the old
church-bell and the note of an even-
ing hymn!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.